

Dubious Achievements  
2006: Dubious est Ever!

Academy Awards  
of Style Pg. 102

# Esquire

MAN AT HIS BEST

FEBRUARY 2007

INSIDE WE INVESTIGATE

HOW WE  
HAVE  
SEX  
NOW

AND REVEAL THE  
NEW STANDARDS  
AND PRACTICES,  
INCLUDING  
ETIQUETTE, TECHNIQUE,  
STARTLING TRENDS,  
AND SOME FRIENDLY  
ADVICE FROM  
THE OTHER  
GENDER

ATOPIC TO WHICH

SIENNA  
MILLER  
(PICTURED) IS NOT  
ENTIRELY  
IRRELEVANT.

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**ESQUIRE STYLE GIVE THIS MAN AN OSCAR**  
 From *Whisper to Affair*, the race for an Academy Award begins here. Meet the top men's style contenders.

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THE GENTLEMAN ISSUE  
 GEORGE CLOONEY  
 RULES OF THE UNIVERSE  
 THE BEST  
 BRIGHT  
 FUTURE-DRIVING  
 Magical  
 DANGER  
 KILLERS  
 SEARCH FOR THE FLY NOVELTY

**THE CALM**  
This was the best Best & Brightest ever. No, this was the best. Because ever (it's a bit lacking on the bests). I couldn't get it down, one great article laid right into another. Kasey George—George comes off as a novice and not as a condescending liberal ("It's More Fun To Be the Prepper Than the Point").

I was deeply offended by your decision to publish John Ridley's rant. As a blackman with a 17th D. and no criminal record (no doubt one of the "good" individuals in the



**V** SIENNA'S  
BOY TOY

A black and white photograph of Sienna Miller and a man. Sienna is in the foreground, looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The man is behind her, looking at her. The image is framed with a thick black border.

**EXPERIENCE:** Educational presentations, a children's book, and an unexplorable red-carpet appearance with Fall Out Boy at the 2006 MTV Video Music Awards.

no  
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yes

The presence of a bar sign shouldn't prevent you  
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10

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# The Front

MAN AT HIS BEST

## USEFUL ADVICE FROM A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

As told to  
COBIE SMULDERS

How to get max out of a paper. Place Luchini's paper on the nose. They slide up, cover the outdoor paper with a paper bag, and then press the paper bag with a hot iron. The wax it's right off.

### ABOUT THE ADVICE GIVER

Late Calvin Klein's fashioning tips without a caution—the girl has spent a lot of time at transit. As a guest bar on shows like *Andromeda* and *The L Word*, she spent time commuting between her native Vancouver and Los Angeles. Now that she's got a more steady paycheck from CBS' *How I Met Your Mother*, the 24-year-old has finally settled in Hollywood. She's already turned down parts for catty action movies, hoping to do something a bit more can-do. "I have a couple of gay friends who want me to play *Wonder Woman*," she says. "I think they got bored of wanting me in the suit." Meanwhile, she's been busy writing her skills for her fantasy. "One of my dreams is to be a Broadway musical. I've been singing in shows every week for a year. At this point, I'm not very picky. I'll be in New York, and I'll do the worst play on the planet." If it's *Les Misérables*, *The Musical*, we'll all be happy.

—DANIEL ROSS

MOVIES  
MUSIC  
TV  
WOMEN

PHOTOGRAPH BY SARAH DUNN

FEBRUARY 2007 ESQUIRE 27



Like an airplane coming down to land.

A machine coming at the gym.

An archer's arrow landing, just before it hits.

*My dream is to outlast my potential.*

Ready or not, here I come.

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# The Leisure Meter

FROM WATCHING YOUR FAVORITE TV SHOWS TO TIME THE MOUNTAIN

**Seeing The Number 22** A film about a man (Liam Neeson) whose passing obsession with a book that someone wrote has the same last name as his own, turns into a road-movie comedy. **Monday, not on cable.**—the number 22, 1 hour, 55 minutes

**Recreating your favorite jobs** about how the greatest 20 sports-related moments of the 20th century were made. **Monday, not on cable.**—the number 20, 1 hour, 55 minutes

**Reading** A novel, incorporating actual text from Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, about a man who reads the book. **Monday, not on cable.**—the number 20, 1 hour, 55 minutes

**Attending one of the world's best** musical acts in the world. **Monday, not on cable.**—the number 20, 1 hour, 55 minutes

**Kicking around** a new episode of the comedy series. **Monday, not on cable.**—the number 20, 1 hour, 55 minutes

**Watching** a new episode of the comedy series. **Monday, not on cable.**—the number 20, 1 hour, 55 minutes

**Watching** a new episode of the comedy series. **Monday, not on cable.**—the number 20, 1 hour, 55 minutes



**Superheroing** your favorite comic book character. **Monday, not on cable.**—the number 20, 1 hour, 55 minutes

**Recreating** a favorite of your childhood. **Monday, not on cable.**—the number 20, 1 hour, 55 minutes



**Arranging** and performing a new album. **Monday, not on cable.**—the number 20, 1 hour, 55 minutes

**Typically** a new episode of the comedy series. **Monday, not on cable.**—the number 20, 1 hour, 55 minutes

**Being** a new episode of the comedy series. **Monday, not on cable.**—the number 20, 1 hour, 55 minutes

**Learning** a new language. **Monday, not on cable.**—the number 20, 1 hour, 55 minutes



John Klein



1-800-630-4826



**Don't fear these foreign movies! They mean you no harm!**

## Monster Imports

BY MICHELE D'ANGELO/

[illegible]

Granted, the directors' names are still kind of catchphrases... the German film *The Lives of Others* is the best example by Florian Henckels von Doernow. Search Set in East Germany a few years before the Berlin Wall fell, it concerns a cold, strictly state-sponsored, Winkler (Ulrich Mühe), who's assigned to surveil the country's most celebrated playwright, Georg Dreyer (Sebastian Koch)—not because Dreyer's done anything suspicious but because a government handout means money is not just a character's livelihood (Matthias Geddey). (Imagine Joseph McCarthy trying to prove that Arthur Miller is a Communist just by not being *Milk and Honey*.) Winkler bugs every inch of Dreyer's apartment and takes up residence in the building's main office, slowly, carefully enveloping him. As it turns out, Dreyer is up



CHICAGO'S notoriously crowded port entrance picks up a *Time* in Smoke. Across the river (time again) from *Mad* director Jay Roach, As-For *Conversations* the ultimate right-hand man, landing of the men (and women) together. The radio-thriller buddy duo (Jeremy Piven) But one tough guy functionally busy. Coren plays a drug dealer in this gonzo, anti-American Gangsta/mafia isn't a thing matter. In late March, the rapper releases his powerful album, the one he fully fully *Faded Forever*. —MICKEY VETRI

**852** Do you mind when people call you a socially conscious rapper?

C. I've grown to embrace it. Look at composers/artists throughout history: John Coltrane, Bob Marley, Stevie Wonder, Marvin Gaye, KRS One, Canibus makes you awake. It doesn't mean you're perfect or always saying the right thing. You might be aware of some of your flaws. That's what's human.

**Q14** As the rapper who famously closed his Cuba-<sup>1</sup>rap career by saying he'd "better off acting"<sup>2</sup>—how do you think fans will react to your debut?

**C. [Laughs]** Well, I could say about Dubai I liked that he was acting, but I was saying, "Look, he plays it like it is good as his acting anyone?" [a more understanding now I always want to make more, but I also want to expand as an artist. And if acting is one of those things that I really love to do, then I'm going to do it.]

**ESQ** is it true that Jeremy Ponder ate a banana for you to eat the part?

C: He came to one of my shows. I don't watch *Tale of Two Cities* so I didn't really know who he was. But we were talking backstage, and he brought up the movie. But Joe [Caruhalo] didn't think I could give

**ESQ:** You do have a good guy image.

**El** grew up in Chicago, so he's seen some of real shit-punk-blank-cats shooting at you, whop bam bam. I've never killed anybody physically—may be on the net. There.











## THE GUIDE • STYLE

## The Most Underrated Pant

Despite its salt-of-the-earth connotations, America's official trouser has its nuances

MAINTENANCE  
THE  
CHAPPED  
MAN

ESQUIRE'S GROOMING EXPERT ON THE DIRT SEASON



**Problem:** Chapped face  
**Solution:** Hugo Boss Healthy

**Lock face lotion** (\$25; [boss-skincare.com](http://boss-skincare.com)) is smelly too much like caulk, but that dissolves. Otherwise, it's one of the best moisturizers I've tested—water-light and fast absorbing.



**Problem:** Chapped hands  
**Solution:** Jack Black Industrial Strength Hand Healer (\$14; [getjacksblack.com](http://getjacksblack.com))

It rubs in easily and will instantly soothe the dry skin; your hands can pick up in the winter. Although it claims to be fragrance-free, it smells like a mix of Douglas fir and saw shavings. But via goodie.



**Problem:** Chapped lips  
**Solution:** Baxter Hydrative natural lip balm (\$9; [baxterofcalifornia.com](http://baxterofcalifornia.com))

Under the one-dollar cost? Baxter is smooth and not sticky, which makes it pink in color. Alternatively, you can rub your finger against your nose for a second. The oil that you pick up can be used on your lips. —KIPACNY C.UTS, JR.

**KHAKI RULE #1**

Never give your khaki a cuff. Never roll the cuffs up to your calves like chinos; khaki is actually sagging for class. Cartier trousers (\$189; [dickies.com](http://dickies.com))

**KHAKI RULE #2**

Khaki is not for "dust." Pure cotton, unhemmed ends. Without a hem, denim will wear out. The foot of a pair of khaki adds 15 years to the age of the wearer. Goldie's (\$129)

**KHAKI RULE #3**

Think of your khaki as a leather tie in case. That first scar will stain your heart, but you'll learn that they are at their best when you're before they're done. Dickies (\$179)

**KHAKI RULE #4**

When you're on safari, dress the number of khaki down in your outfit to one. Getters yet, apply this rule even when on safari. Tommy Hilfinger (\$99)

**KHAKI RULE #5**

Khaki is the most comfortable pants to wear in, and sleeping in them makes them more comfortable. Judge Pants (\$99)

**KHAKI RULE #6**

Khaki is the most comfortable pants to wear in. So did Steve McQueen, who wore it to power the Lincoln Center in khaki. He failed. But it wasn't his pants fault. J. Crew (\$69)

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# A Concise Guide to Patterns

Remember when your grandfather used to wear plaid on plaid? Don't do that.

## BY THE BOOK



**KEEP IT SIMPLE**  
By pairing a minor color from your tie with a major color from your shirt, here, the small dots of blue peek up the blue of the skirt. Similarly, you could match a major color on a tie with a minor skirt stripe.



## ALTERNATIVE

**CONTRARY TO NATURE**  
Surprising, you can match a light geometric tie with a striped shirt with out looking casual. Don't be afraid to go with bold, vibrant color and the rule of the pattern.



**FOR WHISTLES**  
Contrast is as pleasing as it is natural with your cuff links. Here, it works because the shapes and colors complement each other perfectly. It would work equally well with a round steel cuff link.



**PICK A MAJOR**  
color from the pattern of your jacket and pair it with a watch whose color matches it—basically. Then use the cuff link to contrast. Avoid steel, a favor of colored plastic or silk knots. Don't try to match everything.



**THE UTTERLY**  
correct sock is one that is barely noticeable—usually the color of your pants. (The pant legs here have been raised to show the socks.) The color should match your trousers to visually lengthen your legs.



**USE YOUR KNEES**  
as a place to add some color. Note that this works only if you maintain strict sobriety everywhere else in the outfit: plain black or very dark brown shoes and little or no pattern anywhere else.

## FURTHER RULES FOR MATCHING

Limit your pattern mixing: Meeting two patterns with the rest of your clothes is best enough; hitting two requires a PhD. Brightly patterned socks draw attention to your shoes. So wear good shoes. And keep them polished. The brighter the polish, the more the tie should be. Patterns that seem loud in the store are generally disturbing in real life. Pairing too best together when their colors are nearly different. The tie pattern should show less than that of the shirt. He exceptions: When you're the only one in a room where best (or best), wearing black as black is the safest and also tricky, show some black to look like you're not. Black and gold watches do not solve the problem of matching with all your cuff links. Plus, they date you to 1987. A man who spends eight minutes making sure his belt matches his shoes clearly has nothing better to do.

STYLING: M. J. STONE; HAIR: J. J. STONE; MAKEUP: J. J. STONE

VALENTINO

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VALENTINO POUR HOMME  
THE NEW FRAGRANCE

VALENTINO

MAN AT HIS BEST

**GUIDE** ● THE DIGITAL MAN

THE DIGITAL  
MAN AWARDS

OUR GADGET GIRLS  
FAVORITE TECH  
TOYS OF 2006

BY RALPH SCHNEFELT



① **Cancer.HV10**  
high-def video  
camera

The Canon T1000 high-def camera that is, as can be seen at right, the absolute Canon, took the shogun's name (his flag, dog shape and color) and the colors are saturated and clear. It also shows three megapixels in its 3000 x 2000-pixel (500) frame in a 4:3 ratio, a 1/2.5" lens, and very good image stabilization. I found the autofocus to be the fastest I've experienced on a consumer HD camcorder. But what seal the deal is the camera price is that the high-def pro toghy-cams at such a manageable small package.

**Sharp Aquos**  
**57-inch LCD TV**

Many large plasma screens are still cheaper than LCDs and usually have a clearly advantage when showing high-speed sports, but plasmas don't work at the all-black of my Toshiba (Colorado, home-118,000 Euro). The Sharp 57 inch Aquos is the first super-sized LCD I've seen that produces great sharpness, color saturation and surprisingly good blacks. The monitor also has a very fast refresh rate, so even watching the Giants game on another football game looks great and it's not as blurry as sharpness rate.

**Lenovo X60 tablet PC**

[illegible]

● **Panasonic**  
**Lumix DMC-L1**  
digital camera

Although there is a rather thin megapixel pit to ash-throw cameras that are smaller have better menus, and live views that fully retract into the body of the camera the Panasonic also does the sharpest pictures. The Leica's is supercompact and the chip has a 3:2 aspect ratio (the same as most movies and flat-panel televisions)—great for shooting portraits as group photos. A switch on the side of the camera allows you to change the format to 5:2, a better aspect ratio for printing. [www.panasonic.com](http://www.panasonic.com)

**BlackBerry Pearl and 8700**

of great-looking smart phones, but hardly more comfortable than the profoundly clunky Microsoft operating system is now. Times are a-changing: Tablets came back to the BlackBerry. The Pavington mail button has a letter on a key, keyboard center. Frustrating, as if you want more of a phone that can't do it. I've tried it for a few days. The 8700 series has a full-size keyboard and is a much better phone than the old versions. It now has call and text buttons. There is no more intuitive smartphone. Price: \$159 with two-year contract. 8700 starting at \$250. Microsoft.com



THE **GUIDE** ● FOOD

## HOW TO SHUCK AN OYSTER

Shaking can be done by you, and as speed and numbers increase, so does the risk—hence the choice mail gloves made just for this task. But John Deere's Iron Hog Island System brings it simply and safely down in four steps. All you need is a close, dry-kitchen towel, a good system knife (below), and a million of good senses.



**STEP 2** Under cold running water, scrub the inside of the shell(s) should be tightly closed and foot(s) with stiff scrub brush. Keep the sponges refrigerated (top side down in tapwater then water) and covered with a damp clean kitchen towel until ready to reuse.



**STEP 4** Using a wheeloid (used as gloves), securely hold the cylinder cap side down with the point (or hinge side) toward you. Keep your head over the cylinder perpendicular to the blade. Insert the cylinder through the hinge, angling the blade downward the top of the cylinder. When you feel the valve action, bend it back you want feeling a trigger key with your hand over the hinge cap.



**Warning:** Starting at the adductor muscle—the tough little band that clamps the two halves of the shell together—use the blade as you go to the top of the shell (center) to keeping the knife near 2° below when lifting. (4) By rotating the system of the adductor muscle in on the inside of the shell away from you. (5) Once open the system, there shouldn't be any meat attached to the top shell.



**STEP 4:** Place the oyster so the adductor muscle is immediately in front of you again, sliding the knife under the muscle to loosen the meat. Check for another grit. Settle the borrowed fork shell into a bed of crushed ice and serve immediately.

## Oyster-paloozas!

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 and Maroon (along with a  
 bonus if you need it),  
 and a pile of system to eat  
 at a picnic table that  
 lives just away from their  
 home in Tomlinson Bay

**Redwood, Massachusetts**  
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celebration of the town's  
inspired sand-shedding  
traditions. Featuring  
New England style  
live music with local  
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at the [www.shedding.com](http://www.shedding.com)  
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discovered from local  
shedding. Handled  
with formal made-to-  
order and a new  
price. It's all new  
symptoms and a new  
symptoms and a new

Multi-gig has been a quarter-century sport for 40 years at the National Degree Drinking Champs, an ongoing series of the St. Marys County Degree Football League featuring at least the third weekend in October, the opening of season games at the County Fairgrounds. Competitors from all over the county meet and take home a new trophy. The 1997 St. Marys County Degree Football League season will get underway on Saturday, Oct. 11, with the first game between the St. Marys County Degree Football League and the St. Marys County Degree Football League. The St. Marys County Degree Football League will be the first to play on Saturday, Oct. 11, with the St. Marys County Degree Football League. The St. Marys County Degree Football League will be the first to play on Saturday, Oct. 11, with the St. Marys County Degree Football League.

### The Equipment

**THE GRISH:** Serving systems on a bed of crushed ice not only keeps them cold it keeps them level so you don't lose any of the nectar. Traditional French style, 14 inch stainless steel copper platter #1102, solid stand #12 plus shipping 800-475-0577, [jbar.com](http://jbar.com).



**THE KNIFE**  We recommend a four-inch Dexter Russell with a stain-free, high-carbon-steel blade and a polypropylene handle for a slip-resistant grip. \$25 plus ship. 415-662-0218; [dexterknives.com](http://dexterknives.com)



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Dined from the only corner of Civil War Era, Massachusetts' long, strong, stable, yet never fading camp. The hotel is a fully "wild" water' world. Two acres (100' x 100') of water, with a 100' x 100' water' world. **415-675-3218** [waldensweetwater.com](http://waldensweetwater.com)



## MADISON AVENUE MEN

Dejure and the Madison Avenue Business Improvement District (BID) organized the first annual Madison Avenue Men event, which honors men who have a sense of timeless style and commitment to charity.

High-Madison Avenue boutiques selected special clients who have given of themselves to causes and organizations around the city. During the evening, each boutique generously hosted people in close proximity benefiting the charities chosen by their respective Madison Avenue Mail. The "Madison Avenue Mail" being honored were Christopher Helms of "Law & Order Special Victims Unit," Dennis Fines of "Law & Order," Dr. Michael Lurie, Raymond Berman, Robert Ross and Anthony J. Reid.

5. Melissa Juarez Mer-Juanes Antonio L.A. held art's headlight champion Zivilla Fyner  
6. Henrique Chim Mollet de Luz & Odele, portrait designer Sheraton Williams, Salvador  
Santos de Bort, Sander Pichler Martin G. Olmos, and Eugene Australia Puchter-Manning  
Glicker Janyu & Luis & Maria's Maribel Hughes 4. Mustafa Ayman Maw elguy 8. Jeffrey Lee  
Raskelson 9. Keith & Claudio's character was the featured spirit of the evening.



## THE GUIDE • THE BETTER MAN



## EAT YOUR GENES

DNA TESTERS CLAIM THEY KNOW YOUR HIDDEN HEREDITARY FLAWS—AND HOW TO OVERCOME THEM  
BY SARA REISTAD LONG

**H**ere's a way to feel better: Test your genome for deficiencies, then compensate by loading up on foods that, when converted to energy, fill those exact gaps. A few easy adjustments and you'll live to be older than Andy Serkis, or at least less-careless than him. That's the idea, anyway.

Increasingly, private DNA testers are highlighting problems—the interactions of genes and diet—as health care's missing link. For a couple hundred dollars, no charts will churn out reliable types of customer-specific, DNA-derived wisdom, called from ancient Mesopotamia and lifestyle questionnaire to L.A.'s 60,000 gene? Serkis suggests you're exceptionally bad at storing down information. Consider it easy, y'all! Worth a look, eh? (Or quit smoking.) Without the right MTHFR, you could be busy at DNA repair, affecting heart health and osteoporosis, cancer risk. Hedge your bets by eating liver. Having one bad of L.A.'s Serkis suggests you'll need at short, intense physical activities, and the weather and you can't last longer at the gym. Got the format, need the form? Genetic fall-out. All this may sound a little futuristic (and there is no stage of sweet, sweet, reaching the DNA testers' (and/or) (and/or), but scientists claim that's exactly the point. "People are interested with their health, and it's a new thing. What we're offering is a way to prevent," says Kowalyn Gili Gurnea, chief science officer at 23andMe, whose California mark for \$299 (about one) will be in the first—provided our ALD011. Your data goes directly out.



Why do I hate vegetables? And what should I eat instead?

It could be your parents' fault. Taste buds are inherited, not developed, and about half the population gives them a sense of two extremes. There are super-tasters who have a higher concentration of taste buds than the average person, and there are non-tasters who have a lower concentration. And there are under-tasters who, not surprisingly, have a below-average number and require more flavor—and often more food—to satisfy their taste buds. To find out if you're either a super-taster or a non-taster, try a pinch of Swiss chard in a glass of water and put a spoonful in your tongue. If you taste bitter, you're a super-taster. If you taste sweet, you're an under-taster. (If you taste both, you're in the middle.)

Vegetables offer taste-related health benefits, so if you're a super-taster, you may have a harder time eating the recommended servings. So if you can't stomach a lot of bitter, start taking edibles that are sweet. Although they're not quite as good for you as the foods themselves, such as onions, will keep you from eating the recommended servings. So if you can't stomach a lot of bitter, start taking edibles that are sweet. Although they're not quite as good for you as the foods themselves, such as onions, will keep you from eating the recommended servings. So if you can't stomach a lot of bitter, start taking edibles that are sweet. Although they're not quite as good for you as the foods themselves, such as onions, will keep you from eating the recommended servings.

Marina Da is the coauthor of *You Are What You Eat* (Penguin, \$25).



Programming On It? Serkis: No. Image courtesy of the human network.

On the human network, you are a media mogul. Welcome to a place where content is not just your choice, but your creation. Where you get to be head of programming. And any screen is your media center or your TV or your in-box. Receive or deliver anything. Photos. Video. Songs. Blogs. Podcasts. One network makes it all possible. The human one. The story continues at [cisco.com/humannetwork](http://cisco.com/humannetwork)

## THE SANITARY MAN THE HANDLER

**GOO BEHAVIOR** who might have sneezed/laughed/cried on my computer when I wasn't looking. Luckily, I was able to type this article without touching my keyboard. You see, there's this gadget called the Handler. You attach it to your key chain. When you press a button, a little plastic-coated book pops out. The book is covered with "germ-killing molecules" whenever they touch it and let you open the doors to public bathrooms in your car without fear of contamination. It's for the OCD set. There are up to 100 who take baths in Ford and are one step away from losing their minds. It works in its own ridiculous way, though it's not a little. I could have it in my pocket, and it would be happy.

—E.J. JACOBSON



welcome to  
the human network.







qualified intellectually unless you've already achieved success in a highly related profession. If these positions were applied to all aspects of life, it would be impossible to become an architect unless you had already spent twelve years shagging down trees and building log cabins. Members of the media are often criticized on the grounds that book reviewers can't understand a piece they're reviewing, but it seems like the reviewer should work both ways. I'm not sure why playing (or even coaching) a sport necessarily guarantees someone to talk about it on television. Howard Cosell used to refer to this phenomenon as the "jockocracy," and Howard forever felt irritated that he was forced to broadcast games alongside who had merely played ball back for the New York Giants. This is a coherent argument, but it doesn't answer why people in the 1990s started showing up at their TV's during Monday Night Football games. Nobody likes a guy who complains about the hardship of his own game.

Irony-wise, it's worth to note that commentators against commercial broadcast journalists like Kirk Coates or Al Michaels; it would be no different from criticizing Brent Musburger for having an incoherent jump shot. While Brent Musburger is still representing the first act of his life, someone like Moose Johnston is merely figuring out how to manage the second act he fell into after retirement. I think the only real way to escape the attitude of an analyst is by measuring the rest against himself. Is his life's second act any worse than the first? If your life's first act is "hoping to advance," your life's second act will typically be "retiring to a hospital administrator." Such a narrative arc looks possible.

These are my findings.

**THOMAS ARKMAN** As the winner of three Super Bowls and a member of the Hall of Fame, it would have (superficially) seem like Adams must have been better on the turf than he is in the broadcast booth. But here's the rub: Even during his best season (probably 1993), Adams was never

## Life After Halftime

Moose Johnston, Islamic death squads, and the art of the second career

**→** **ANGER-AGE DRUNKARD** If Scott Fitzgerald wrote many times about the number of days before his 1948 death, but few men are more famous than this one. "There are no second acts in American lives." This kind of sentiment is in stories of their own, typically in the introductory paragraphs of celebrity profiles and inevitably as a means for pointing out how inconceivable Fitzgerald actually was. In reality, these are less of second acts in American life; it's what happens to everybody who isn't a hyperprecocious and to prove to drinking oneself into the basement. It's not that second acts are nonexistent; they're usually just less interesting than the first. If your life's first act is "hoping to advance," your life's second act will typically be "retiring to a hospital administrator." Such a narrative arc looks possible.

This, however, is not true for everyone. Some hospital administrators go on to date middle-class women living around the economy in which they brought a minimum wage, although in this instance I'm not really using the words "hospital administrator" as a metaphor for the word "retire." These are a few professions more colorful than that of the other commentators; it's perhaps the only job for which you aren't

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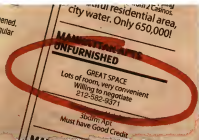
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## The Need-to-Know Basis

Knowledge is power. Information is gold. Giving away either of them for free is just plain stupid. By Tom Chonella

A SIGN HUNG IN A WINDOW seems simple enough. You pass down the way on your way to get coffee for LEAST \$2.00. SEE ANY? Someone's left, or failed, or simply moved on. Change peers out from a shop window, an article of faith, and for the most part, you don't register it. Why should you? Unless you have the urge to open coffee shop, it's usually just a kind of low-frequency cultural noise. You're not buying. You know, just, not requiring any more information.

So it would figure that the actual placing of a sign in a window wouldn't be much more complicated. You'd just hang it at the hands or store, speak out your phrase louder with an extra chunk. Sharper in the space around, and tape it up facing the street. You think you have some thing to offer. A space to work, maybe a place to live. You put your hands behind your head and lean back in your desk chair, waiting for the phone to ring. Bring on the market noise.

For a landlord, and that's where I was last month when I needed a reason for some street-front property I have an interest in here in my hometown. On a sunny day, with the traffic humming by on a side street, I hang my sign, taped up against, only revealing prospects with everything I could think of—rent, square footage, the open floor HVAC—middle, pointed mostly by my own hand to the half the price. My strategy was, like the biggest sign I could find. Mine was three and a half feet square. Very big! My cell phone rang for I even got home. I hung around to be going according to plan. "Are you the guy with the coffee shop for rent?" a voice said.

"Yep."

"What are you going to do next?"

"I'm the landlord," I said. "I'm renting the place."

"I just want some coffee," the man said, before falling into a fit of coughing. I

told him the shop was closed.

"Closed? That's not what the sign says. Signs say 'for rent'."

And then he coughed some more and hanging. For the next five days, I got nothing. No call. No visit. Then I figured out, was exactly what I desired.

ONE AFTERNOON I drove by and saw a guy in suspenders in front of the shop wearing a legal pad. I pulled over, introduced myself, and asked if he had any questions. He must have had thirty people in his class position. He didn't look at me. He pointed to the prospect with the store on one of his pads. "I have what I need right there," he said.

I did my best to save him out, pushing his intentions. "What business are you in?" I asked. "What are you looking for?" He went the other way in long circles, draping up a comparison of conditions on the street. Then he smiled, ended his class a little, and dipped the clipboard up so I couldn't read. "Right now, I'm looking for an office to rent." And then, just like that, he walked away. I had nothing to offer. Truth was I didn't. Not anymore.

This incident really reinforced that for anyone who was in some influence, stepping a detailed sign on window and wrong name is like becoming the world to look in your window and see. It's a sign that means, your presence, your voice, your information away from your space. In my presence, you can about the store and needs of the other party. The more you know, the more you can shape your response to make yourself look stronger. Knowledge is power, so why give it away at the front of your information, a key principle of influence theory is that allows you to wield knowledge as power. People listen more readily to information to which they believe they have exclusive access. This is why our culture can move so fast despite the fact that information is being lost on the information on the street. The process is obscure enough that the customer believes he needs the information to help with the packaging of the message, the mix of the message, the prospect of understanding. There is a mixture of uncertainty in the presence of the information, the process of knowledge not available in the past long list.

I'm not an authority figure, but I am signed out that prospective business had

to wear something from me. So I started down and signed that gold-colored prospect down. Then I looked out at the village square. Probably every building in the block had a sign for the space. If they were the hunting bill was, and what sort of office tenant I wanted. What a dope.

BUT, AFTER THAT, the culture quickly shut just the single number to deal with, the callers had lost their swagger. They were more "Are you the person renting the old coffee shop?" Now they were fighting me out. All because I'd let back a little on a last line to

**"Tell the truth" is a good rule, but you can tell the truth without telling everything.**

But then I made my next mistake—the same mistake, really. I didn't hold back either. I started to tell what they wanted to know, the one key figure I expected they wanted. The next time the dollar figure was some number of my month, I could hear them leaving instantly. Three people hung back before they said another word. Another one walked into the phone so I was back looking at a really nice new house. Another "Is that all I should just stop my car inside?" The conversation ended immediately, as soon as I felt that they were leaving. They had what they were after, and once again, I had nothing to do with it.

I ALWAYS LOOK at people's jobs from a distance and think, I could do that. To my mind, work is a simple set of tasks ordered by an image and what that is your own. I write more simple job. Tending bar for a long time ago. Call your bar again. The kind of jobs on which you have a lot of things to do. Clean the beer cooler, add up the till, keep the blades clean. I always figured I'd make a good landlord, too. For the occasional deposit. Call the window cleaner. Carry money to the bank. Like that. And I'd had enough ability to land on my feet to make it. I would always tell my tenants the truth. It's a good rule, I think, for people in a commercial relationship. But I wasn't in any relationship with these people. You can tell the truth without telling everything.

I began to see the spreads for each call. When they asked the rent, I'd make it less than the terms of the price per square foot. When they asked me, I'd ask them what they had in mind for the space. If they inquired about the previous tenant, I'd tell them that I'd been a C. Finally for decades. This would free up more information to come my way—they grew up, or they were new to town. The advantage of knowing who you were talking to was that I knew what they wanted to know. I was significant. I did want to know bookends. I didn't want a running show. I got these guys to hold on to know what I could do. Then I'd shut the door down. Sometimes I

placed the first ten dollars of security I was the one with a cost. They were the ones with a cost. I left it at that.

THEN ONE DAY, the tape went out and the sign fell down, and suddenly there was no information available at all. People assumed something had changed. Some called me to check on the answer. I went to the second caller, he knew I could see it. I explained about the tape.

"It's not rented yet," I said. "Good," she said, making her mind up, as it seemed, at that very moment. She was from out of D-5000, she wanted to start a restaurant. I'd been talking to her for a while. I'd didn't know, so I figured I better pull the string in. In that happened again. "How late I had some more the guy who'd been about the coffee. There I was, talking to a woman whose job was having her own sign of a restaurant.

She signed a lease a week later. For the time being, I was very happy. In the weeks before she signed, people asked me what kind of food she'd be serving. She was up to her to deal the information, to keep people's interest. Before yet, let them come find out on their own. I was dreading up their minds to be it. I signed. I pretended I didn't know it.

## → THE ART OF THE LODGE

**THE KEY TO CONTROL** the information you share is to be perfect. The key is to provide a clear line of information that serves your purpose without allowing exactly what the person looking for. It's like a hand holding up a camera camera.

**YOUR PROSPECTIVE EMPLOYER ASKS:** "What were you making at your last job?"

**WHAT SHE WANTS:** A starting point, preferably below what he wants to pay. **WHAT YOU WANT:** A clear sense that the job is yours but he can't see anything over the numbers.

**YOUR ANSWER:** "Yes, I should have that many, but I'm not sure if I'm looking for a new job. It's more about getting a better one where I can be more useful. Do you think that's possible?"

**LYING DIRECT, A WARNING:** "So how many women have you been with?"

**WHAT SHE WANTS:** Who knows why women ask that? But they do. They want to feel some truth, want to get a sense of the person. It's a classic move.

**WHAT YOU WANT:** To give a sense that you don't care about numbers, concepts or facts that you know what you are doing and why.

**YOUR ANSWER:** "Enough to know that I'm here I want to be right now."

**THE PLAY SCREEN IN SILENCE ASKS:** "What price do you have in mind?"

**WHAT HE WANTS:** A sense of how he can find up the dollar figure with as much product as he thinks you can. He's not giving the number up in the process.

**WHAT YOU WANT:** The price you had in mind. Turn the tables. You're willing to be as more so get a sense of the value. He's not giving the number up in the process.



## Into the Void

When baseball season began last year, Chris Snow was a baseball writer with one of the most prestigious jobs in his business. Then he leaped into another world. By Chris Jones

➔ IN HIS OLD LIFE, in the fall Chris Snow chose to stop firing, he would have spent last night chasing cars in southern California, trying to keep pace with Japanese grand-slam pitcher Daisuke Matsuzaka and the Boston Herald. Wiping sweat from his forehead, he would have finally retreated to his hotel room (snagging fellow baseballers he adored or so more Marriott points), began keeping out a story on Matsuzaka's comeback by the Red Sox. An arduous combination of facts, no-suitable-sounding name, and best guesses, stopped so many times to check for messages on his cell phone, hoping that general manager Theo Epstein might have returned his call and some how he caused it. And he finished piece, dated it correctly twenty-four inches of the sports front of the morning's Boston Globe, and at five-fifteen checked, opened out his telephone, wondering how right his really was. Instead, Chris Snow has embarked on a difficult new life, spending last night watching the much-shielded streets of Montreal, shopping for a winter coat. The Minnesota Wild, for whom Snow has acted as the director of hockey operations for the past five

months, likes its employees to look sharp on the road. Snow, youthful even for twenty-five, had spent the two new years when he took the job—involving a runway magnet that makes him look a little like Chad—playing dress-up—but only last night had the air crept, cold enough for him to need another layer. After a confused search, he picked a wool peacoat of excessive color and length from what he thought was a sale rack. When he found out the coat was pricier than he had expected, he tried to get a sweater thrown in for free.

It was what he had, Doug Lundquist, the Wild's general manager, would call an "unsuccessful negotiation." No matter how hard Snow tried to make his naturally wide eyes, the shopkeeper couldn't shut he wouldn't walk back out into the cold without the coat. And Snow walked out without the sweater.

"I think I should have held another," he says the next morning, his pace has slung over the back of his seat a few rows above the ice, the sting of defeat having given way to a new round of self-analysis. He has the room to think. Eight hours before tonight's game against the Canadiens, the arena is mostly empty. The fans, now finishing up their own messages, are watched by perhaps two dozen reporters in padding up to leave. His strength has also just left, because Wild coach Jacques Lemaire has decided to rest his banged-up knees, their season's first start having been canceled out by a sprain of Lemaire. Snow, sitting past as though just in case, is joined in the stands only by his mother, Linda, who has driven up from Boston to see him. Her accent is so thick, she calls herself Linda.

Together, they catch up and catch places at the empty street, until a single player steps out from between the boards. Wes Walz, one of only three original members of the Wild in this, their seventh National Hockey League season, ignored Lemaire and lined up his skate in two circles. Walz can be respectfully graceful skater, but his gran has been so many games of fall for the past few seasons, and it's a telling on his that morning still. Chris says something (useless), even reminds, in his clipped stride, "He has transcended glide." Snow stays, whispering. Jacques never unhooking from the object of his admiration.

Like every other sports-crazy, fourteen-year-old, Snow knows he's lost his love for coach's something, it's forced him to put the brakes on his life's momentum.

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TWO YEARS AGO Chris Snow took the first full-fledged jump of his career. He dreamed of being a sportswriter for the rest of his life, had written for small papers, gone to journalism school, and earned a degree at The Boston Globe. He was in the

staff at the *Winterville Star Tribune* covering the *Winterville* World, an fact when he heard that the *Globe* would be hiring a new *Dead Sox* beat writer. Snow would be long away from even to lead an enterprise. He won just twenty-three and

certainly for two years to take over one of the nation's most prestigious beats, a demanding, high-profile job that had been his life. The *Dead Sox* beat was one of the most recent, Bob Healy, but Snow was making his pitch for a blue-sky, big-league was worth a shot. He called up the *Globe's* sports editor, Joe Sullivan, and said he would be grateful to be considered.

"I loved the job," Sullivan says today. "I knew I would be taking a big chance. For a publicist that, there was a lot of good, experienced people out there. But I had to go with what I knew, and I knew Chris."

Snow's hiring was a kind of press. His first point: "Young writers want to work for the *Dead Sox* because it's a chance to work for the *Dead Sox*. But his career had the air of the inevitable.

When Snow was young, his father took a school administration, and he went to work for the *Boston Herald* in Boston. He was, right at the end of the gold pagers, immediately against the glass. From just that close, they would take it all in, and he would make pronouncements that made, and would make him a *Dead Sox* fan. He was meant to be watched from a distance and "Chris Snow, you want to feel from down here." It was a time when he was nearly a machine in the news, he had a son and he was in the *Dead Sox* beat. He was a machine in the news, he had a son and he was in the *Dead Sox* beat.

There's a love of news followed, shortly by the *Dead Sox* beat. He was a machine in the news, he had a son and he was in the *Dead Sox* beat. He was a machine in the news, he had a son and he was in the *Dead Sox* beat.

After his freshman year of high school, Snow had started writing about hockey as the newspaper, he was a machine in the news, he had a son and he was in the *Dead Sox* beat. He was a machine in the news, he had a son and he was in the *Dead Sox* beat.

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## → THE DEATH OF THE DEAD SCHEMBECHLERS

ROSCHEMBECHLERS WAS A MASTER FACTOR. It was a time when he was nearly a machine in the news, he had a son and he was in the *Dead Sox* beat. He was a machine in the news, he had a son and he was in the *Dead Sox* beat.

We had played only twice in the two years since we formed, but the *Dead Sox* beat was a machine in the news, he had a son and he was in the *Dead Sox* beat. He was a machine in the news, he had a son and he was in the *Dead Sox* beat.

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# girl from fire

Life is not quite as messy for Sienna Miller as it appears in the tabloids—or on this page—but it has its juicy little dramas. And distractions. And chaos. Just not in the way you'd expect. **By David Katz**  
Photographs by Marc Horn

\* This headline was suggested by Sienna Miller herself. To see why, go to page 72.



**Sienna Miller is insisting she's the "biggest fucking klutz in the world," and while the claim is endearing, you take it as just another case of a beautiful actress claiming some flaw to make her seem more real, like she was ugly between the third and fourth grades or maybe she has dreadful peripheral vision.**

Miller, however, has arrived at the bar of the Gramercy Park Hotel in Manhattan with proof of her clumsiness—a couple of drinks. “On a scale from one to ten, how bad is it?” she asks, offering you her hand for inspection.

It’s a lovely hand, mostly, and quite small, which is good because she is a small woman, smaller than you thought, actually—though thank God, not to that giant head-on-a-stay body way of other actors. In her movies, like *Alfie*, *Crucivera*, and especially *Lost in Translation*, in those elegant Japanese bars with ex-boyfriend Jude Law, Miller can come across as glumly conscious about an asthetically seductive but sitting here in front of you, she’s more possible—especially with her once-long blond hair chopped into this short and wearing a little too dressy over black tights with peeing her inside boots.

You bring her injured paw closer to the table candle to examine it. “What the skin on the side of my fingernails,” she confesses. “Someone once told me that there’s a whole psychology to it: either you’re self-destructive, so you want to hurt yourself, or you’re a narcissist, so you literally want to injure yourself.”

And which is she?

She grins and lights another cigarette. “Destructive, obviously.”

But it’s not her damaged nails she wants you to consider. You inspect the smudges and bruised thumb and conclude that as your professional agent, it is your responsibility to give her a nice strip of medical bandage beneath the nail where, she explains, she skinned it in her mom’s car door. Dead sober. And it probably didn’t help that her name happened to show for twenty seconds before realizing her daughter was still alive, running alongside

her, hanging on the window—another thing Sienna and Naomi Watts could have given way to Tinseltown.

On a badly-chafed you at scale, you give it up.

She is disappointed. It hurts like a nerve, or maybe even an aching, especially when she hunches while lighting cigarettes under the table, which she does often, she says, just when she’s sure that none of the actresses waiting on her lack even better drugs she begins to tell you a bit about how she landed the role of the 1950s barmaid—mean girlie diva like Sedgwick the doomed *Weekend Update* “superstar” who is the subject of *Factory Girl*—Miller’s first “proper leading role,” as she dubs it.

People ask me, “What is it about little Sedgwick—why do you care about her?” She was just a socialist! “But I look at her as a performance artist—she was her art. She changed the world even though she was only a bit part in the harmony,” Miller says.

She’s right. Sedgwick practically invented the modern tough-guy society girl as goddess and helped many girlfriends her transformation from indie life art student to major stylist and a nation’s oldest queen—which is everything that got a bit more in common with Miller than merely really good looks. “Truth, there are things about her that relate to,” says Miller. “Her choice, especially. She can look so really distracted and disappointed. Also, I like to dance.”

Miller, twenty-five, comes from a strange (largely background) herself. Her father was in finance (though now he’s writing a spiritual self-help book in the Virgin Islands), and her mother helped found the Lee Strasberg drama school in London and taught yoga. Sienna was educated at boarding schools in England, where she was, she says, “the girl who always got caught—



**“I’m working too hard to be able to devote any time to anyone,” Miller says, “but it is lovely being in love. I’ve loved—this is dangerous ground, let’s get off it now.”**

*drinking, smoking, being with boys.”*

She describes how she came to New York to pursue her art, enrolling in the Sitka Berg Institute here at night. ...

And then she lets out a loud “Aa, fuck!”

Down out the glowing cherry of her cigarette has fallen off its butt and into her new suede boots. She throws her legs in the air in front of you and pleads for you to take off her boot, which you do, revealing the spot where the ash has started to burn through her tights and into her crotch.

“We should really consider doing romance comedy,” you suggest—and you mean it, not just because she may actually be as clumsy as she claims, but also because she’s clearly got way more skill than most. And her humor that she’s been able to show off in any of her films is damn good. Couple that with her attitude and a fucking edge and she could easily be the Jennifer Aniston of the black-eye brownie. Or something.

Anyway, having easily believed *Wonder*, Miller keeps on smoking cigarette and ends nights with the long chair she wears

around her neck. “It’s a pocket-watch chair, my best friend bought it for me,” she explains, showing off the little chains and beads. “There’s some made out of two sharp, dark’s teeth, which Miller playfully jabs your knee with while every you ask her a question she doesn’t like—say, about a certain movie, another chair made *WAGGERS TALKS*, which is where she filmed the indie movie *Wonder*, and then there’s a wooden chair with a little eye in it, “to protect me against evil,” she says.

Has it been working? “To be honest... not so much.”

The call came off eye—the British network, the *Blog*. *Go Weekly*—is something Anna Rose Miller knows well. Since being publicly burned when Law her now ex-fiance, showed in her with the money of his three kids, every day goes by without some gossip in motion? From the *Wonder* movie (Miller Miller was spotted together while phone in an airport security line) to the empty road. (One blogger witnessed a picture of her *Wonder*’s *Wonder* to read “Wonder Miller”).

Anna’s really all these cave-and events, what makes you most is her lack of success. (No doubt, that’s why plenty here: a world of success of the poem.) “It was every living, very close relationship,” she explains. “Obviously we had no problems, but every single person I know has experienced it. It’s not the first time it’s happened to me, and it probably won’t be the







After she posed for this photo, Miller confessed: "I made out with the monkey on the shoot. The trainer said that if you blow it in its mouth, he'll look at you and try to kiss you, and that's the secret to it. On the monkey, see page 16.)

last. Still, she remains "philosophically optimistic" about love, she says, and seems only slightly less polite now than the girl who at twenty fell for a yoga teacher in *Gustave* and moved in with him for three months. You feel especially compassionate.

The scandal made Miller a famous person who is not really famous for being an actress, though to be fair, she was understating before she met Law, having landed *Alfie* (and *Judy*) when he was a relative unknown.

Still, you wonder if there aren't some benefits to the circumstantial great? "I can now be on the cover of certain magazines, which makes life because it promotes your film," she acknowledges. "And yes, at times it can be fun, but it's not important. And there are far more negatives than that kind of attention. Overall I think it hurt work. It's harder for me to be taken seriously now. But I can't go back. I can't change what's happened."

When she talks, and when she dances, it's not a hard. She has a little bit of a twinkle in her eye. "She was beautiful when we wrapped," she says, "I was still running around and so was a little bit of a twinkle in her eye." It's a little bit of a twinkle in her eye. (Of course, of course, you're Kate Sedgwick, who was twice institutionalized and did a drag wedding at age twenty-eight.)

*Factory Girl* may not be a huge movie, but it's her movie. Miller is in almost every frame, and she gives one of those all-out, totally self-conscious performances that people are going to talk about—especially if the good actors leave in a few of the more explicit sex scenes that Miller is hoping to get booted down. "I'm not comfortable with prostitution making," she says, and then, laughing, "although I have done it on a few but in my career I guess I think if you're gonna go for it, then go for it."

She's going for it now—the right ball, that is. Miller's petite frame is stretched over the pool table, getting the right angle, about to take her shot. A few hours ago you didn't imagine Jennifer Miller was the type of woman who would challenge you to a game of eight ball, you especially did not imagine she was the type of woman who was about to lose you a game of eight ball with a badly batted thumb. So you may have had her wrong. But there's one thing you know for sure in the middle of the shot, again around in girlish delight, and inadvertently watches her pool cue into her vagina zone, and the glass flying off the table and breaking into a dozen pieces.

Seems Miller is the biggest fucking bitch in the world in











# Dick Van Dyke

▶ ACTOR, 81, LOS ANGELES

- ▶ **I did pretty well** because I knew how to rack. Of course, there's the tugging-over-the-shoulder in the opening of the show. But I didn't realize how many different kinds of falls I did in that show. At a banquet recently, they showed a little clip of all my falls. I said, No wonder there's arthritis in my spine.
- ▶ **My brother never** laughed a lot as a kid. We came up in the middle of the Depression, and neither one of us knew we were poor. We had nothing, but we didn't know it.
- ▶ **If you walked** into my house when I was a kid, you might see my mother searching the bureau drawers to find a bun that put me up for dinner and forgot to wash it was.
- ▶ **Everybody** called my dad Crook. Nobody knew his real name. There's a photograph from when I was a kid at the park for a July 4 picnic. The table was all laid out, down to the potato salad, and suddenly it started to rain in torrents. Everybody ran for the cars—except my dad. He sat there and ate in the pouring rain, dripping wet, just for the hell of it.
- ▶ **As a wonderful** as they were, my parents didn't teach me anything about self-discipline, concentration, persistence, or focus. If I didn't have a family myself, I probably never would've done anything. Marriage taught me responsibility.
- ▶ **When I started** in acting, I thought, I don't want to do anything they can't switch.
- ▶ **In the early** 1950s, I was looking up a show number in Santa Monica and came upon the name Ben Leland. I loved Ben Leland as a kid. My beloved Leland and I really missed it. We had the first. We've never seen it. Oh, my God! You gotta—will it please! So I just dialed the number for Ben Leland, and it was him! I was like, you're a lifetime comic, so he knew what was I said, "I've always been an admirer, and, you know, I've stolen rather liberally from you over the years." He said, "Yes, I know." He invited me over, and we became good friends.
- ▶ **At the very** beginning of the Dick Van Dyke show, Carl Reiner said, I've never—if we go that long. He thought it would get important after that. So after five years, everybody knew it was over. The writing was brilliant. It was a perfect example. We were the only rated show Nobody wanted to leave. But we all knew it was over because of what Carl said at the beginning.
- ▶ **Back in the** thirties, the Boy Scouts had a whole chapter in their manual on masturbation—how it was a sin, how you had to be really and control yourself, and all the terrible things that would happen to you if you gave in.
- ▶ **My mother** told me my eyebrows would fall out.
- ▶ **I've made** peace with insecurity. You have to, because there's no certainty of any kind. Once you let go, it's really freeing.
- ▶ **Would it be** easy to read these things in life, everything to do, once things are over, and something to have for fun? That's great!
- ▶ **In my** seventies, I've decided to stop smoking. In my eighties, I exercise to avoid medical issues.
- ▶ **No, that story** is not as. My wife and I weren't living in a car. We had a rough go after we were married. I failed to pay the rent and we got evicted while my wife was pregnant. We were in a little coastal room, cooking on a hot plate. It was only a few feet, but we were surviving in a car. Things looked up after that. We were actually close to homelessness—enough to equalize, anyway.
- ▶ **For me, even** on this great show in life, working time, working through, even in some of the best times, I've been off from for years. I don't want to be public to learn. I want information or something thought provoking. I'm down to the History Channel and Jeopardy!
- ▶ **Chris Rivers** did some women show called The Doctor's Light last year. In it, she rubs the best number one's over dose. Remarkable. And, of course, she had a segment where she did the things we'd done together. So they called me and said, Will you come to New York, get onstage, and surprise everyone? Well, I did. She's introducing "Pat on a Happy Face," and she says, "I did this number 60 times with Dick Van Dyke." I'm offstage and I say, "Would you like to try for 60?" The audience went mad. Biggest standing ovation I'd ever seen in my life. There are very few things on earth that compare with being an onscreen mom and dad after going through some lean years. I thought to myself, This is why I went into this business. I'd forgotten. I didn't want to leave. I would've stayed all season if I could. Oh, man.
- ▶ **My retirement** is not working out.
- ▶ **The day that** Stan was died, the press came by my house to interview me about him. As I'm talking, a spouse reporter I was standing over him. When she got up and just dropped me. I looked up to the sky. It was obviously not last but of comedy. If that were to give you nothing, what will be?



Mary Tyler Moore once quoted the words of writer Dick Van Dyke: "Dick Van Dyke is my brother at the end of the line, my shadow at the beginning." He was there at his home in Malibu for our early years in the first Major to the Museum.







worldwide, four grown men huddled down. Earlier he painted the battlefields of World War II as a teenage courier and visited war zones in China, Panama, Grenada, Yugoslavia, Rwanda. At times like this, the memories come pouring back.

They go to the Green Zone just after lunch, dropping their bags at a series of little prefab trailers strung under the looming shadow of a bombed-out government building. Each trailer has four narrow beds, two tin closets, and a shower. A half dozen Iraqis already occupy some of them.

At hour zero, they get to the courthouse. It's just like you see on TV: a puppeteer with joints in the audience, jugs on trays, and the defendants onstage in their ruled pews. Clark isn't happy with that arrangement, not for this private meeting. He definitely doesn't want to be sitting on the judges' chair, and he doesn't want the President—that's what he always calls him—giving him the same delusions he'd give any legitimate national leader—sitting "in the dock." He wants a table where they can sit and converse like civilized men.

And as for the video cameras mounted in every corner of the room, thirty-four of them total, absolutely not.

When the taxi is ready, the President comes out. He looks tired but Clark is struck by how he walks, with surprising grace, almost as though he's floating along without a care in the world, delighted to find himself in this particular place with these particular people. The other lawyers give him the Arab embrace, kissing three times on the cheeks, and none give a faint kiss to the forehead, a sign of respect usually reserved for a father.

Twelve pounds, the President says.  
Looks more like twenty, Clark says.

The President reveals Clinton as a poor Christian lawyer, and they've known each other alongside each other more than fifty years. They're not the two diplomats. And since the case is over and all the arguments have been made, there's no need of the usual scream like to get a word in so Clinton like the head and the President in a recent development like the North Korean nuclear test. People are saying that if Saddam Hussein had the bomb he would've been in prison now.

He's not the type to speculate. He likes hard facts, and he likes the long black cigars in his shirt pocket. But when he takes one out and lights it, an American soldier comes over. Please, you can't smoke here.

Once he was the highest law-enforcement officer in the land, the attorney general of the United States of America. His father is a Supreme Court justice and one of President Johnson's closest friends. Bobby and Jack and Lyndon were members of this social circle. Now Ramsey Clark is writing up articles in *Time* magazine against President Bush and against a "people's treaty" of Bush's secret intelligence pact with Saddam Hussein. What if he has gone about as far outside the mainstream as you can go without going so far? Judging from the raw speed of the Internet, he could be the angriest head on our American scene—the "war criminal" who said, "I was just a kid, an American kid."

Everyone has the same question: How did he get from there to here? A few years ago, the New York Public Library's Julia Adams suggested it was easier to find his father's correspondence with John than to parse the intention of Japanese-Americans during World War II and his own involvement during the McCarthy era. Another scholar, Henry Bretter, said his supposed guilt for supporting the Japanese administration during the Vietnam War, when he supervised the prosecution of draft dodgers and ordered the arrest of Vietnamese people, kept him there longer than Clark Clark. Even so, something still exerts its darkness, evokes the true history.

How did he really get from there to here? Through a million different versions of this moment, leaving his Greenwich Village apartment with a nylon gym bag for a trip that will last a week, wearing considerable old shoes and knowing full well that all of his things are crumpled. In the bag, there's a couple of blue perma-iron press shirts and a tie and maybe an extra pair of pants (plaid khaki pants)—there are always khaki pants.

He'd done this so many times before, he knew all the shortcuts, and they suggest that it's sometimes faster to park at terminal 4 and walk to terminal 3—and sometimes even faster to hitch a ride on a U.S. Army plane, like he did after the invasion of Grenada, breaching the restricted zone to demand a meeting with the leader of the coup. "If he's done anything wrong," he said, "he can take his punishment like a man, but he should have a right to a lawyer."

Walking toward the gate, he's a tall thin man with a long American face that suggests frontier virtues. Christ Wood could have painted him.

He's generous and kind to everyone, with the courtesy manners of another time.

When the plane starts, he takes out a giant pack of Big Red gum and chews it to relax the pressure in his ears. He has two hearing aids and sometimes they give him trouble.

**He has a permanent cough**  
In his conversations, time best passes with conversation. He re-

seniorly known Washington D.C. nightlife after starting *Foreigner*. Long he watched, he would still *glare at the city from afar*, and be reminded *walking across China during the famine of 1942* when people were dying in *starvation*, the authorities *were not interested* every morning to *gather the bodies*. 10 people from the horrors of the Philippines *compels of 1935 to the change that he* *climbed the river* as he *was born to swim*, the *man* *he* *observes* *with* the President, *and* *possibly* *go* *to* *slaughter* *thousands* *of* *helpless* *birds*. You have to remember the context, he says. It was during the war between Iraq and Iran, when both sides were *drinking* *and* *drugging* *themselves* *every* *day* *and* *night* *against* *biotech*, with *entire* *human* *groups* *going* *into* *the* *blame* *on* *Iraq*. Clark brought up an *opinion* *in* *the* *New* *York* *Times* *by* *one* *of* *the* *USA's* *top* *100* *specialists*, *Stephen* *Pelle* *tree*, that *supports* *his* *content*.

"Voltaire says history is fiction squared," he says. "I find that unacceptable."

In his *interview*, Clark carries a copy of a letter that he just sent to each member of the United Nations and hopes to present to the President in Iraq. It's a plea not only for his signature, but, after a legal argument and explosive political charge he conjured up in the same article, the Iraq Special Tribunal to be set up in Baghdad to try Saddam Hussein. "I think we have no legitimacy," he says. "But the judges are legitimate political enemies of the defendant who I claim this [his] is stateless like 'in trial' is not necessary, just a hanging." The first one to go forward, the one Clark is working on, occurs on a day when Saddam Hussein's death through a tower called Daqqa. From the shelter of a celebrated cathedral, rebels attacked Iraq's army and actually managed to hit his car before fleeing into the trees, so that he went back to his residence in the orchard. "I think it's a very good idea," he says. "After a two-week trial he should be executed, not just for his crimes."

In early news accounts, this was the reason everyone pivoted for starting his trials with this case. With Haasler's signature on the warrants, conviction was a slam dunk.

But wait, Clark says. Don't the existence of a trial and signed warrants actually make it more difficult? As usual, his version begins the tangled history. The Dupont incident occurred near the Iranian border during the Iran-Iraq war, when the border was an extremely volatile place. The oil was a mainstay of the re-

believe Dawa party, which was allied with Britain overthrew Golden Museum – and it is no accident that both of the prime ministers under the American occupation have been members of the Dawa party. That is the central reason the traitors arrived here. Clark says. It has been meetings for the Dawa party. Putting it like a first way of saying they're on top now, they call the shots.

Just look at the way the court has acted, he says. The first judge quit, complaining of political pressure to be tougher. A second judge was kicked off for possible ties to the South party. The third judge is a known white nationalist who was in the gas attacks everyone blames on the President. He not only refused to scrutinize the original court records, he wouldn't turn

them over to the defense. How can Muslims get lawyers defined the record, he says.

*Allegedly, some of those 142 people were also tortured. According to the prosecutor, 50 of them didn't even survive long enough to be executed. Clark skips over that in his letter, though he does acknowledge the deaths over the age of the dead "Several more have been killed under torture."*

The prosecutor says that one of the men may have been as young as eleven.

Clark has answers to all these questions, and questions for all of the answers. But now it's getting late. As the stars fade and the red lights, Clark punches his way into his small box and leans back. He's going to have a very busy day tomorrow.

[illegible]

He was fifteen or sixteen when he began to read Dostoyevsky. One passage had a big impact, when a prisoner collapses during a liturgy and the Russian general goes over to lift his head up from the ground, a single act of kindness that sends Dostoyevsky into one of his Christian rhapsodies. What if that single act of kindness had the power to reshape classical art? What if the true dimension of the world began in that moment?

But when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, Ramsey and his friend Bob Hutterback went straight down to the Marine recruiting office. Turned away at the door—they were only 18 years—they went home and stood out more in their beds and



At the time, the prevailing view among attorneys general of how 1945 CIO's suit should be handled was to deny it on the merits and carry a fourth circuit en banc rehearing. Two decades later, CIO itself would be the attorney general.





# The Napkin Project

It's an old story we figured. Someone, in a bar somewhere, scribbling on a napkin in the fading afternoon light, the kind of story or list or note that might be crumpled in a pocket and pulled out years later to tell something deep and forgotten—perhaps life's most intimate first chapter, nearly lost forever. So we gave this spontaneous medium its shot. We put 250 napkins in the mail to writers from all over the country—some with a half dozen books to their name, others just finishing their first. In return, we got nearly a hundred stories. We present a sampling here, from laud to spare, brilliant to terrifying. Nine writers, like napkins, time stories.

\*For more napkin fiction, go to [esquire.com/napkinproject](http://esquire.com/napkinproject).

## Elective Mute

BY DAVID MEANS

The elective mute stood firm in class. The teacher looked at him and said, Billy, he asked, and he said and she turned to the board and wrote the word DECE. She explained the word, bringing out a dice and rolling it on the desk and then showing how one might shut up a vegetable. As opposed to a square about about to play chance against itself. He does (at the lesson) was to explore with the class the concept of probability and chance and in doing so, integrate—or perhaps the Billy—Madden that maybe his elective not to speak could just as easily mean to (elective) electives to speak. He (Billy) listened attentively, lifting his head slightly, parking his lips as he often did when painting. He was good at catching (people's) more subtle postures: eyes, mouth, hand. (He) hand made a not painting. Acting out's painting.

BUT HE WOULD NOT SPEAK!

## ELECTIVE MUTE

[BY DAVID MEANS]

Author of *The Secret Girlfriend* and *Unlabeled Love Events*

## THE RISE AND FALL OF CIRCUMCISION

[BY N.D. WILSON]

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ICE  
[BY KENT HARUP]  
Author of *Groundwater*  
*Pruning*

## Ice

The water has drained away from the first frozen place  
Next to the road in the woods, leaving the steady and placid of  
ice, white and crusting. The trees have others of ice that  
stand where the high water once was and where the water flows  
.....

In the night the neighbors in the new trailer welcome to  
dinner in the emergency ward of the hospital. Bobby's there,  
he's been vomiting and his stomach  
.....

On the way up Father Louis's page: You know anybody who'd  
want to buy a blender all almost now?

How many more things, how many more things?

He looks at his wife. Terence. Almost once, the page

It's been used about once, Louis says

In emergency we have to wait: there have before they lost  
at Bobby. It's Saturday night.  
.....

Now the water's run off, leaving the ice white and white  
trunks of ice around the trees, where the ice cracks and  
drops it makes a crash, like some animal breathing  
through the trees.

KL-14

Kent Harup 15 Sept. '06





# "Give This Man an Oscar"

Whitaker. Affleck. Beach. Luke.  
Hounsou. If the Academy actually  
rewards fearless and brilliant act-  
ing (and style), these gentlemen  
should get their speeches ready.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY **MATT JONES**



Three-button wool suit  
\$13,995; hand-crocheted  
T-shirt \$91.50; dog Gar-  
ga Amore, catkin T-shirt  
\$122 by Barons Republic



# FOREST WHITAKER

BEST ACTOR

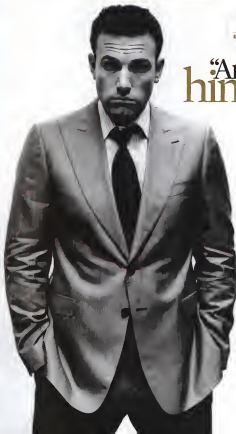
THE GAY KING OF SCOTLAND

Three months of research (24, 595) by Colin Hanks  
 (afternoon) of his plan (2005)  
 by George Ainsworth, brother  
 (afternoon) by Gantner

**THIS IS A REINVENTION** of Forest Whitaker. Here he is in his forties, doing something that is so completely different from anything that people have seen from him before. Forest has often been a gentle, internal actor in the past. In this, he had to be the opposite: explosive. For six months, he lived and breathed Idi Amin: he even learned Swahili, Ugandan cooking, the accordion. He had to capture Amin's mercurialness—to be charming, charismatic, and terrifying at the same time. In one scene, he starts in an underlying fury, like a child having a tantrum. Then he calms and becomes affectionate and vulnerable. At the end of the scene, the threat creeps back in and the sense of danger seamlessly returns. It's really quite simple: His performance is so good because he put in the work. —KEVIN MAZDONALD, DIRECTOR

ESQUIRE  
MARCH

“And  
him.”







him."

## ADAM BEACH

#### BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS

PLACES OF  
OUR FATHERS

**THEY HATE:** Adams' character is so very important part of *Flight of the Cherokee*. Most people know. Hey, he has been depicted a number of times in the past year's but by Caucasian actors playing as Native Americans. This is wrong, not acceptable when there are many Native Americans in the world. An extremely important young man and a dedicated one as Adams' character is a real star. Hey!

**Many critics who knew him and Adams' life presentation was perfect note for Adams' going to have a wonderful career.**

**CLINTON**

Two-button raised  
twill jacket (\$169)  
and cotton shirt  
(\$52) by Louis  
Vuitton

DEREK  
LUKE

**BEST ACTION**

## CATC PLANNING

Two-butterniery jacket  
\$12.00; cotton shirt \$12.00;  
and lined trousers \$12.00 by  
Ralph Lauren Black Label. All  
the \$12.00 by Ralph Lauren  
Purple Label. Another shirt  
\$12.00 by Ralph Lauren.

[illegible]

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**BLACKBURN D.H. & MORTON D.**

**Opposite:** First Boston stock index (part of art. 81.250) by Gable & Gable; cashmere sweater (5.000) by Louis Vuitton; gown (6.760) by Meyer. For more information see page 124.

[illegible]

2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 2681, 2682, 2683, 2684, 2685, 26

[illegible]



## Reality Strikes Back!

OCCASIONALLY IN THE HISTORY OF HUMAN ENDEAVOR, order is restored after a period of chaos and fear. The year 2006 was not such a time. But almost! When the barb of reality struck, it struck hard. The corrupt were overthrown, the self-righteous exposed, the Federline dumped. So grab a dry deck chair, and for chrissakes, get the kids out of the water. 2006 is waiting....

PHOTO: ILLUSTRATION BY WILLY ANGLER

### AND HELPS HER REMEMBER WHO SHE IS. HERE'S

Madonna had her adopted son, Eric, named after her. She was a red string around his waist when she and the boy arrived in New York from London, which, according to Kabbalah, prevents one from "various states of looks of ill will." \*

### BECAUSE THOSE ARE KEPT BEHIND THE BAR AT SENIOR PRODS IN CANCUN

After a Mexican election official ruled that Felipe Calderon was Mexico's president-elect, his opponent, Andrés Manuel López Obrador, announced that he would leave a possible government, saying, "They can keep their prison institutions and their glory president, but they cannot keep our fatherland and our national dignity." \*

### WE SMELL SITCOM

Polish president Lech Kaczyński appointed his twin brother, Józef, to the post of prime minister.



### EXCEPT FOR W. THAT WAS ME

During her unsuccessful campaign for a Senate seat in Florida, congresswoman Katherine Harris noted the journal *Life* magazine's theme that the separation of church and state was "wrong because God is the one who chooses our leaders." \*

### IN OTHER WORDS, LARRY DAVID

In an updated version of *Monty Python's Life of Brian*, the film *A New Edition*, old-timey puns like the ones and the stars have been replaced by a Toyota Prius, a RAZR phone, an airplane, McDonald's fries, and a New Balance sneaker.

### "SO I CUT ITS LIMBS OFF"

President Bush offered consolation to wounded veterans at the Angeles Crest Center of Respite Army Medical Center in San Antonio by saying, "I have surgery myself—out here at the hospital, but in combat with a cancer. Eventually won. The cancer gave me a little scratch." \*

### NOT TO MENTION A "CONTRACTUAL OBLIGATION"

Tom Cruise described Katie Holmes's pregnancy as "a fun piece of acting." The birth, he said, was "going to be a bit sad." \*

### BUT WHO ALWAYS TAKES THE GOLD IN THE OLYMPIC HALF-PIPE BITCH?

The U.S.A. is number 18 this year in the World with Press in President under conspiracy of Reporters Without Borders, tying with Berlusconi, Giscard, and Togo.

### "AND GET THIS, THEY CAN EVEN WEAR CONTACTS"

Commenting on the removal of an expression of "trikes" in *Survivor: Cook Islands*, host Jeff Probst said, "When you start talking to a person from Ayni, you realize, 'Wow! They have all difficulties in the background!'" \*

### AM, "CELEBRITY" THREW US OFF

The unidentified celebrity accused by a top marketer in Scotland of plagiarizing himself and engaging in a sex-on-shedding in 2004 was revealed to be Kevin Connolly, who was on his honeymoon.



### TO ORDER THE DURA-B CALL

The Rhode Island Supreme Court ruled that insurers for deceased Gays, and the estate of the Dura-B, if people implant, must pay a \$5-year-old case \$400,000 for a fertility implant that left him with a two-year reaction.

### "ALSO, YOUR MOM DIED"

The 18th-century Corporation used e-mail to inform approximately 400 of its employees that they had been fired. The e-mail stated, "The work force reduction notification is currently in progress.... Unfortunately your position is one that has been eliminated." \*

### WHICH IS WHY WE DON'T DO LEGALLY ELECTED PRESIDENTS IN THIS COUNTRY ANYMORE

At a National Press Club luncheon, Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld likened a Venezuelan president Hugo Chávez to Adolf Hitler, saying, "He's a person who was elected legally—just as Adolf Hitler was elected legally—and then consolidated power and now is, of course, working closely with Fidel Castro and Mr. Morales and others." \*

### AOL HAS REGGOD USERS?

AOL made public 20 and not search logs of 2004 and 2005 users.

### SO YOU'VE OBTAINED A BABY!

REVIEW THE FAMOUS BIRTH OF 2006 WITH ITS FAMOUS MOM AND METHOD OF ACQUISITION

### METHOD



### BABY

- Ashton
- Shish
- Swift
- Surt
- John Riley Ford
- Tom Sargent
- Remy Tree
- Momo
- Quinn

### MOM



- Madonna
- Britney



- Heidi
- Angel



- Sherry
- Kelly



- Meg
- Gwyneth







CONGRATULATIONS, MR. PRIME MINISTER, GOTTA RUN

Republicans in Congress were horrified in person of a defense spending bill that sets aside \$100 million for postwar money prizes in Iraq and Afghanistan.

URNS OUT SHEIKH NASRALLAH DOESN'T HAVE A 34-INCH COCK, EITHER

A Lebanese photographer for Reuters altered his photographs to increase the appearance of Hezbollah's leader in a Beirut nightclub that was attacked in the 2006 Israeli-Hezbollah conflict, claiming he was merely trying to measure specs of dust.

ARE ALL REPUBLICANS GAY?

While detailing his plan for a fence along the U.S.-Mexico border to help fight illegal immigration, Republican representative Steve King of Iowa explained the source of his electrified speech: "We do that with livestock all the time."

WHY IS THIS MAN LAUGHING?



According to a national opinion poll used by Georgetown University, George W. Bush passed Richard Nixon to be ranked the worst president since the end of World War II.

FUNNY STORY ABOUT THE SOAP OPERAS, THOUGH



The owner of a new restaurant called Hitler's Cross in a suburb of Mumbai, India, defended himself by explaining that the name was only so as not to attract attention.

EACH AUDIENCE MEMBER FOUND HER OWN ORPHAN UNDER HER SEAT

Melissa made an appearance on the Oprah Winfrey show to defend herself against the criticism surrounding her adoption of a Maltese child.

FORTUNATELY, EVERYONE WAS TOO BUSY WATCHING QUOTE GET KICKED IN THE BALLS ON YOU TUBE

The federal government passed a law containing detailed instructions for building a secure website as a Website set up for remote public participation in the drafting of evidence about Iraq war programs. Nuclear weapons experts used the instructions went beyond anything the public likely would.

STEEZY THAT FIRST EIGHT? SUPPOSED TO BE AN IF

In a *Dollhouse* interview, Courtney Love said, "Because I was gross about it, I think it was a first."

THE VIGILANT MIC

WHO SAID IT?

THE WORLD'S EARS ARE ALWAYS OPEN MATCH THE NOTABLE FIGURE WITH THE NOTORIOUSLY OVERHEARD COMMENT

1. Referring to accusations that the president of Israel sexually harassed several women in his staff: "They hello to your president... He turned out to be quite a powerful man. He raped ten women. I never expected it from him. He surprised all of us. We all envy him."



HANA ARIAN, FORMER MINISTRE OF JUSTICE

2. "Get up, get home. Got something to do tonight. Go to the airport, get on the airplane, and go home. How about you?... How long does it take you to get home? Eight hours? Me, too. Eight hours. Russia's big and so is China."



VLADIMIR PUTIN, RUSSIAN PRESIDENT

3. "The other day, the little fella that does maintenance work around our house told me from Guatemala I said, 'Can't see your great card? And Huga says, 'No! I said, 'Oh, gosh.'"



OPRAH WINFREY, TV HOST

4. "It's a closed-door version of party leaders." "We screwed up, by the way... We obviously lied throughout the last one and a half to two years... Look, we can make around a lot longer, but not much."



TONY BLAIR, BRITISH PRIME MINISTER

5. "I unintentionally interrupting a nationally televised speech." "Of course, brothers have to be protective, except for mine. He got to be protective of him. He's married—three kids—but his wife is just a control freak."



CONDIE RICE, U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE

6. "Lifting the microphone to eavesdrop." "This..."



PRESIDENT GEORGE W. BUSH

DON'T BILLY JOEL WRITE A SONG ABOUT THIS?

A voter in Alexandria, Pennsylvania, who's clearly bothered by the election, posted a poll question, signed it, and then mailed the server of an electronic voting machine with a paper airplane.

KENNY ROGERS, FOR INSTANCE

New York City's Department of Health considered plans to close people to the center of the New York Central station regardless of whether they have had surgery.

The city's health commissioner said, "Surgery versus non-surgery can be arbitrary. Somebody with a head injury may have had brain surgery."



WE ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT WAS PULKS

Tony Lofgren, manager of the World Series champions St. Louis Cardinals, appeared with his wife and daughter in a dinner performance in San Francisco. The 35-year-old Lofgren played *Grease* songs.

THE THREE MOST FAMOUS WOMEN IN AMERICA 2005



Pick a headline:

1. INFAMOUS TO DICK CHENEY, EVERY FIVE YEARS HE HAS TO SHOW INNOCENT BLOOD OR HE VIOLATES HIS DEAL WITH THE DEVIL... Jimmy Kimmel  
2. ON TV, DICK CHENEY GOT A GREAT IDEA ABOUT HOW TO FIX SOCIAL SECURITY... Bill Maher  
3. THIS JUST IN: EARLIER TODAY, DICK AND LYNN CHENEY SHOT UP A GAS STATION... David Letterman  
4. THE SJA LAWYER HE CAN USE HIS OTHER FACE... Craig Ferguson  
5. WHAT IF IT TURNS OUT ALL THIS TIME, BUSH WAS THE SMART ONE? Jay Leno  
6. Dick Cheney accidentally shot his friend, 70-year-old lawyer Henry Whittington, in the face while leaving quail in Texas.

IT WAS THE FIREMETER TALKING

Wisconsin Democratic congressman Steve Kagen earned his two campaigns event after raising an Italian reservation and moved himself by saying, "We're on tight time—they don't like the day."

MAKING IT THE MOST AMBITIOUS SPACE MISSION IN CANADA'S HISTORY

A Russian cosmonaut aboard the International Space Station has a girlfriend from the station's docking port in the station's mission to the International Space Station.

DUDE, THE GUY STOOD ON A MOUNTAIN...

After being in the *Best Video* category for his "Touch the Sky" on MTV Europe Music Awards, Kanye West walked onstage and said, "Touch the Sky" video cost a million dollars. I had Tim Anderson, I was jumping across everyone... If I don't win, the awards show loses credibility." As a press conference host, he added, "That's a complete build-up. I need a million. Obviously it's not all about the money, but the respect I got from everybody—really made it."

giant TV. It took a month to film, I stood on a mountain. I flew a helicopter over Vegas. I didn't see the angel's light, and I wanted to walk home with that seed."

YOU KNOW THE WAY PARIS MET BRITNEY? You can imagine who are doing a job in the backstage. Kanye West's *Touch the Sky* video cost a million dollars. I had Tim Anderson, I was jumping across everyone... If I don't win, the awards show loses credibility." As a press conference host, he added, "That's a complete build-up. I need a million. Obviously it's not all about the money, but the respect I got from everybody—really made it."

IF YOU'VE NEVER SHAGGED A SENTENCE, THEN HOW DO YOU KNOW YOU COULDN'T? A student organization at a high school in Washington, D.C., distributed a teacher-approved questionnaire that contained the item "If you have never shagged a sentence, then how do you know you couldn't?"

Wasserman, distributed a teacher-approved questionnaire that contained the item "If you have never shagged a sentence, then how do you know you couldn't?"









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Neuroendocrinology, July 27, 2006

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## This Way Out

## THE DUBIOUS ACHIEVEMENTS OF AN AVERAGE MAN



Lonny Roke, 27, software salesman, Madison, Wisconsin

I CUT MY UPPER LIP while shaving with a handheld razor.

I RENTED the Elm Street Show House thinking it would be cool because Clint Eastwood was in the cast, when it's actually a lame Clint Eastwood musical comedy.

AFTER A CARGO/WEIR dropped me off at the airport and wed, "Have a nice flight," I responded, "You, too."

I PAID seven dollars to see the Drew Carey comedy *Employee of the Month*.

THROWING the waterboarding was a sport. I told a coworker that he was going to "totally learn how to waterboard" on his next trip to Puerto Rico.

WHILE VACATIONING at my parents' house, I flipped the television to HBO's *Real Sex*, unaware that my parents were trying to tape *Martha* on the VCR.

AFTER TELLING a coworker that I had a vagina resembling "dried mango," I got a stern talking-to by the HR department.

AT OUR CORPORATE RETREAT, I drank seven Sam Adams Lightes and did an impression of Michael Richards on celebrity *Jeopardy!*

I TOLD Chris Hansen of *Danville NBC* that I was "just there to talk. We are both big fans of *High School Musical*."

DURING AN INTERVIEW with MTV UK, I suddenly produced a syringe and aspirated my blood at the camera lens.

I KEPT the secret that Jenna was married to Mary Magdalene and had a child.

I ACCIDENTALLY SHOT and injured my longtime friend Harry Whittington, TE, while quad bungee in

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